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# Decline and Fall of the American Republic.

CONFESSIONS OF A REPENTANT POLITICIAN.

A Story of Fifty Years Hence.

TIME, A. D. 1930.

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Author of "Andersonville: a Story of Southern Prisons;" "A File of Infantrymen."

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## CHAPTER I.

THE PRIDE THAT GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

"Yes, my dear grandson, you surmise correctly. I can remember the commencement of this most unhappy epoch. I can remember when, in its internal prosperity and the esteem of foreign powers, this was the foremost Nation of all the world, instead of being, as now, ground in tearful humiliation between the upper and nether millstones of misrule at home and dishonor abroad. And there is a wormwood in that remembrance that has embittered every day of my 50 years of manhood, for it was I and such as I who are alone responsible for having brot about the woeful change."

"You, grandpa? Why, that cannot be?"

"But it is true, little as you may be able to understand it. God alone knows

NOTE.—In the spelling of this story many of the reforms urged by the Spelling Reformers have been adopted, in order to make it conform more nearly to its alleged date when all those reforms, and more too, will doubtless be in common use.

how fervently I have wisht it were otherwise. He, too, only knows the myriad of excuses and apologies with which I have attempted to palliate in my own eyes my share in precipitating that deluge of woes upon a smiling land. Put that cushioned ottoman under my swollen right foot. There! there! steady now; that'll do. Thanks. Heavens! who would have thot so many gouty twinges lurkt beneath the sweet bouquet of those delightful Lake Erie wines? Now, that my eyes and ears may have rest too, hurl at that Wagnerian organ-grinder's head yon cup, decorated as a present for my 72nd birthday by your maiden aunt's too tardily trained fingers. Ah, you didn't hit him; (no young man can throw well since the introduction of curved pitching,) but I hear the cup shiver on the pavement, and the 'Death Wail of the Valkyries' ceases, so there is much gained. Now sit down, and I will try to tell you the lamentable story.

"It was just a half-a-century ago. Except that 'Pinafore' had prevailed thru the States for three successive seasons, and in some badly-smitten sections the

'Turkish Patrol' had followed as a secondary consequence, the country was enjoying the most remarkable season of prosperity it had ever known. For 20 glorious years the Republicans had been in power, and had ruled the land as the Judges had the seed of Abraham in Israel's palmiest days. Their wars had been like the struggles of the elements; their peace the teeming of fruitful Summer beneath benignant skies. Their drawing of the sword was as the calling down the wrath of God upon the injustice of the mighty and wrong-doing in high places. Their triumphs were the victories of purer manners, better laws. At each the Nation made a grand stride forward, and their opponents, who had vainly essayed to check the wheels of progress, gnasht their teeth in rage, and yelled maledictions, but always ended by running forward to the new position gained, and again bracing their shoulders against the advancing car.

"It is hard to believe that this was only 50 years ago. It would seem that since then there had swept over us such centuries of desolation as rolled over wealthy and well-peopled Asia Minor in the shadow of the horsetail banners of the conquering Turks. But the application of a very rudimentary rule of arithmetic shows me that between 1880 and 1930 can be but 50 years, and besides your grandmother has made not a few preparations for the celebration of our rapidly approaching golden wedding.

"Half a century ago I was where you are to-day—at the dawn of that manhood in which Mr. Bulwer turgidly informs us there is no such word as 'fail.' I was 21. My principal possessions were an undivided interest in the affections of a sweet girl graduate, and a stock of self-sufficiency enough to inflate the biggest balloon you ever saw. Ah, how much I knew—or thought I did, which amounts to the same thing. I felt a genuine pity for those who did not at once perceive the full extent of my intellectual superiority, and it saddened me to think of their humiliation when some of my future achievements should awaken them to a recognition of their blindness concerning my merits.

"No, do not redden. That is a feeling common to youth of that age. It has

always been, and doubtless always will be so. It comes to the young man a little in advance of his first mustache, and begins to vanish rapidly in those still hours of the night, when, in night shirt and slippers he paces the chilly floor with his howling first born, and attempts to soothe the little shrieker's tortured bowels by drafts from his mother's kid-glove cleaning benzine, mistaken for balm bringing paregoric.

"Such was my confidence in my own infallibility that when I came to cast my first vote I not only rejected advice and counsel, but I scorned them as reflections upon my sense and judgment, and was the rather impelled to act counter thereto.

"It seemed to me that things had hitherto gone on in the world in a very unsatisfactory, slipshod fashion, while waiting for clear sighted young reformers like myself to arise and set them aright. Now, again I beg that you will not blush so. These are not personal allusions. They are generalizations, conceived first subjectively, and afterwards broadened by observation, until they were found to comprise all mankind in what may be termed the beginning of the Silk Hat and Switch Cane Age.

"I had become very weary of the denunciation of the Democratic party as an organization of evil and designing men—who had done great wrongs, and meditated still greater ones. It seemed preposterous to hold them accountable for things done 10 or 20 years before—and to insist that because some of their number had once made mistakes the whole party should be forever barred from place and power.

"It was in vain that my father, who had been Colonel of an infantry regiment during the War of the Rebellion, strove to bring me once more into accordance with his views. It was in vain that he recounted to me again the wicked deeds of the party in support of Slavery, and its myriad heinous acts during the War—the acts of those in the South who supported the Rebellion with arms, and in the field—the acts of those in the North who crawled in the slime of treason, like the foul serpents they were, and struck with poisonous fangs at the heels of the defenders of the Nation.



"He was a good man, and I honored him; that he had been wise in his day and generation I well knew; but I was equally certain that the newer, higher light vouchsafed me made that day and generation very obsolete. I had even the temerity to say to him, one day, at the close of a heated discussion:

" 'It is quite natural for you to feel as you do. The loss of your leg at Chicamauga, and the starving to death in Andersonville of Uncle Ned naturally embittered both you and mother very much, but—(here I walked over to the parlor mirror and studied my downy mustach with complacent satisfaction) these rankling animosities are unworthy of our nobler manhood. They are quite out of place in those who aspire to be considered as the cultured men of to-day. It belongs to us of heroic views to assuage the smoldering embers of that unhappy time, and Wipe Out all traces of Sectional Bitterness,' and I daintily re-arranged my hair, which I had not yet been able to accustom to being parted in the middle.

"But once before—when the news came that a dear friend of my father's had deceived him,—had I seen there such a look as now came into his face.

" 'Is it possible that a son of mine has learned to prate this cant of treason so glibly?' he said in amazement.

" 'Excuse me, father,' said I, haughtily. 'Treason' is a very harsh term to apply to such political sentiments as do not exactly accord with your own. It is growing very much out of fashion in the best circles.'

" 'It is possibly presumption in me to inquire what circles you have discovered that are so superior to those your father and his friends move in?' he said, with a sneer that lasted me until I forgot the respect due him, and answered hotly:

" 'You are perfectly right to ask, and I am glad to have the opportunity of informing you. They are composed of those who have outgrown the hatreds of of War, and who, with enlarged views and true generosity, believe in drawing the veil of oblivion over the past mistakes of our once erring brethren, and so restore place and fraternal feeling to our country. To feel as you feel was probably quite right in 1864, but you

will yourself sometimes see that it is exceedingly out of place in 1880. I am sorry to part company with you politically, but I feel that the rising generation to which I belong is to be more progressive than any of its predecessors, and that one of our highest missions is to heal our Country's wounds and hurts, and Wipe Out Sectional Bitterness, which, you must admit you have signally failed to do.'

" 'Great Heavens! to think the terrible lessons of the past should so soon be forgotten!' said my father with heartfelt sorrow.

" 'Ghost of Julius Cæsar,' I retorted, 'why is it that some people never learn or forget anything? and the stock of ideas that they get in youth is made to last them their whole lives? This is what bars the way of all progress.'

" 'The pressure of a half idea upon a young brain always destroys its balance,' said he, sorrowfully.

" 'And an old one can never recover from warps received in earlier years,' I returned.

This discussion with my father was a sample of the many I had with others who, like him, viewed with amazement and pain my departure from the path which the terrible experience of the past had mapped out for them as the only one which led away from untold evils.

But the more they labored with me, the more boundless became my self-conceit, the more inflexible became my determination to adhere to the plan I had marked out for myself—the more confident my belief that by so doing I would inaugurate a glorious career for myself that would overwhelm these old fogies with confusion, and place me at one bound among the most honored and applauded of the Nation. Ah, what glories gild and spangle youth's radiant realm of imagination!

"Of course, many like me were to be found everywhere. The whole generation which had then arrived at a voting age had been born about the time that the War began. It had past its whole infancy in childish unconsciousness of the agony—brought on by Democratic sin—that was then cracking the heartstrings of the people. It had prattled over its spelling books and marbles while the Nation was

undergoing the fierce pangs of the after-birth of Reconstruction, and dallied with its base ball and incipient flirtations while Resumption was being fought to the bitter end. Only after the victory had been finally won did it awaken to the consideration of public affairs, and then it jested at scars as all do who never felt a wound. The lingering smoke of the battle offended its esthetic nostrils. The earnestness of the victors in the heady fight jarred upon its teachings of 'gentlemanly repose.' The denunciations of the wicked malignants whose wrong doings had caused 30 years of miserable turmoil, grated upon it as ungenerous cruelty to a fallen foe. I would have none of it.

"That year the elections were exceedingly close. The campaign opened with the acceptance on both sides of the fact that the Solid South would furnish, by its usual methods of fraud and violence, 138 of the 185 electoral votes necessary to elect the Democratic candidate. It would require the most skilful management by the Republicans to prevent him gaining the remaining 50 in New York, Connecticut or Indiana.

"The coterie of which I was a representative saw our opportunity. Doing our duty as Republicans we would attract no attention—receive no thanks. Transferring ourselves to the Democracy we would make a flurry, gain notoriety, and demonstrate ourselves to be men of great consequence. I have already told you enough of our characteristics to indicate to you our choice. We threw ourselves into the arms of the Democracy.

"A few fitful weeks followed, chiefly marked in my remembrance by the extravagant eulogiums of us in the Democratic press as young men of the 'most magnificent promise' (the promise to vote for Hancock being that doubtless referred to) and by a perfect nightmare of undesirable acquaintances, each one of whom extended to us congratulations upon our joining in the great work of Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness—congratulations so unpleasantly flavored with cheap whisky and poor cigars, as to disagree with us as badly as the nouns and verbs of their decomposed English did with each other.

"The end was that Hancock w

elected by a small majority and that majority, there was no doubt, was our gift to the Democracy.

" 'We have begun our political life most gloriously,' I said to one of my cronies the morning after the result was announced. 'It is a beginning commensurate with our exceptional abilities.'

" 'Yes,' he returned. 'The country owes us a debt of gratitude, which it can only repay by honoring us forever as the young men who had the sagacity and moral courage to Wipe Out Sectional Bitterness.'

"My heart smote me somewhat as I saw the paralyzing fear that seized upon business men at the knowledge that the country was once more in the hands of the Democracy, but I laughed this off as a bit of old fogysm that would soon pass away."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FALL.

"A few evenings after the election the voters had a jollification meeting. Myself and friend—in the abundance of our self-conceit—imagined that this was especially meant for us, as the ones whose agency in securing the triumph was most marked and potent. I and they prepared our minds to bear with proper modesty the blushing honors that would be heaped thickly upon us. I elaborated for the occasion a speech of wonderful ornateness, in which the grandeur of Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness was admirably illustrated by copious references to the histories of Greece and Rome. That at the conclusion of the mighty forensic effort the enraptured audience would carry me on their shoulders to my residence, accompanied with a magnificent torch-light and brass band pageant, seemed so probable an event that I expended the last remnant of my allowance in providing a supply cigars and beverages with which to regale my admirers at my father's house.

"The evening found me on my way to the meeting attired in a faultless evening costume, and nervously running my magnificent periods over in my mind.

"Such a sight as greeted me on arriving at the place of meeting. The yelling hooting, turbulent mob gathered there



embraced every man in the community who was obnoxious to it, who was carrying on a more or less open war against society, and who was offensively regarded by his neighbors. They were all present—all intoxicated with the victory which they took to be their personal success: all arrogant and domineering as such people are in the moment of triumph, all carried away with the expectation of the plunder they were about to gain.

"They reeled and staggered and shouted about in the murky smoke beaten down from the blazing oil-barrels by the souging November winds; at one instant the ruddy flames lighted up their distorted visages with an unearthly glare, then they faded into the obscurity of a pall of smoke. I shuddered. It seemed to be too unreal for anything but a horrible dream.

"Near one of the fires a rude platform was erected for the accommodation of the orators of the evening. I could hardly restrain an expression of intense disgust as I saw seated thereon as Chairman of the meeting the man who, of all others, was most distasteful to the community, for against him as a chief doer, was charged all the crimes that made the Democracy odious during the preceding quarter of a century. As Deputy United States Marshal under Buchanan he had ferreted out from her hiding place in the house of a kindly old Quaker, a beautiful young quadroon who had fled from Kentucky because her master—whom she so much resembled in face, as to quite explain some incidents in the life of her handsome mulatto mother—had sold her under the distress of a gambling debt, to add to the completeness of a rich old Louisianian's harem. Revolver in hand he had dragged the manacled and shrieking girl thru the streets of the Village, and, not content with wrecking her young life, he had visited the fearful penalties of the Fugitive Slave Law upon the human Quaker, sending him to the Penitentiary, his heart broken wife to the grave, and his impoverished children to eat the bread of charity in the homes of strangers. More than one treacherous assault against returned soldiers, more than one midnight con-

spiracy as a Son of Liberty had been charged against him during the War; more than one criminal intrigue to render its results abortive had been laid at his door since the close of the struggle, but he had still lived on as a monument to the mercy and long suffering of the community. Now his face, which, ever since I could remember him, had borne the scowl of the baffled conspirer, gleamed with the light of triumph. As I approached he concluded the speech he making to the applauding crowd with:

"And now, gentlemen, let me once more congratulate you upon our grand success, which insures the Wiping Out of Sectional Bitterness, the return of the Country to the control of its proper rulers—the Democratic party, and a restoration of the good old days of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan!"

"When Treasury-plundering was a profession, and nigger hunting a gentlemanly practice," said a rash Republican in the crowd, who was promptly knocked down and kicked into insensibility.

"All that we have long desired, struggled for, suffered for,"—continued the chairman, "frequently despaired of attaining, is now coming to pass. The triumph of Jeffersonian principles is assured!"

"That's it,—no more taxes on whisky," interrupted a voice.

"No,—nor on terbacker," said another.

"An' naygurs to be shtopt from voting," said a third, whom I recognized as a man whose naturalization papers I had completed the day before the election.

"An' be put back on the plantations where they belong, instid of comin' up here to take away the work from poor men," said a fourth, whose support from the time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary, was rubbed out of an unyielding wash board by his wife's calloused knuckles.

"I recoiled from the sentiments and shrank from the persons of the meeting, but a thot of my speech urged me forward again.

"The Chairman caught sight of me, and divining the purpose with which I had attended the meeting, said with a sinister leer:

"Gentlemen, our talented young friend, Madoc Lawrence—who joined

us at the eleventh hour, it is true, but still joined us—will now address you.'

"I ascended the platform, and pulled from the breast of my swallow-tailed coat, a dainty white handkerchief, which I flourished gracefully to conceal the agitation I felt at the awful moment of my beginning of my speech.

" 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'in thus celebrating the inauguration of the process of Wiping Out all Sectional Bitterness—I am constrained to say'—

" 'But I was not constrained to say: rather constrained to stop, by a babel of derisive and indignant clamor that rose from the mob. My faithful stenographer, who was instructed to take down all that he heard when I began my speech, read me the next day, from his notebook as follows:

" 'Fwat the devil is that spalpane doin' up there? Does he think we wants to listen to the loikes o' him, who hasn't been in the party long enuf to get rid of his Black Ablishun luks.'

" 'Of course he wants an office. That's all he came into the party for. He thinks his glib tongue will get him something, and so cheat some poor man who's not had a taste of office for 20 years.'

" 'He's an Ablishionist and a Yankee at heart; he's been eddicated at a Yankee college. His father was a nigger lovin' Yankee soldier, and helped kill decent Dimmycrats. There's no trustin' him. Let him take a back seat for 20 years as we've done.'

" 'The idea of that kid-gloved whipster trying to lecture us Democrats, who've been cut in the storm and cold since Buchanan's time. Run him off the platform. Shut him up.'

" 'Send him home to his mother.'

" 'Put him in his little trundle bed.'

" 'Let him get out of the way for one of the real old sort.'

" 'Dry up, you Yankee. Sit down. There's no offices here for you.'

" 'There were other exclamations that, having no word signs for, he had written in the phoretic and jumbled together manner of his art, and which appeared now in this mystifying way:

" 'Busthished widasquash!'

" 'Chuck'im wuree is bloodenoh!'

" 'Hirehall ag venares!'

" 'Somebodies with him outbfullofsoftso-  
apandstopbis ab'

" 'I began to doubt whether my great work in Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness was fully comprehended by these men. I would wait an instant, and seek an opportunity to explain, but had scarcely formed this resolution, when an egg that should have either been hatcht or eaten some time during the Summer, landed with considerable force on the snowy expanse of shirt bosom that covered my beating heart. Closely following it, came a turnip that struck my shining silk hat from my hand, and ruined its sweet symmetry forever. Some one tried to pull me from the platform by one tail of my coat. The fabric was not equal to the demand upon it, and tore to the collar. I finally made my escape and fled to my home, where lying on the sofa groaning in anguish of spirit, I could hear the shouts, and yells and oaths of the intoxicated jollifiers; could hear them when they resolved themselves into a riotous torchlight procession that marched around the Town, to halt in succession before the dwellings of each of their prominent political opponents and taunt them with gibes and execrations, offensive songs—perhaps break their windows, and yell threats of hanging the objects of their dislike to lamp posts."

### CHAPTER III.

#### BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.

" 'I was a long time in rallying from the cruel blow which my self love had received. There is no more bitter anguish than that which accompanies the first thrusting into a young man's soul of the iron of a public humiliation.

" 'I had to bear all my anguish alone. I had cut myself off completely from the sympathy of my father and his friends, and I was not then so sure of your grandmother's affections as to believe that they would stand the test of my being made a general laughing stock. I was sure I had lost her, too, in the crush of hopes and wreck of reputation of that most wretched night, and the pangs of rejected love were added to my other distress. But she eventually found means of making me understand that there was no necessity for utter despair. This was the first gleam of hope that came to lighten my desolation.

" 'At last the hur's that had set heart and



brain to throbbing with agony calmed down until I became able to take notice of something else beside my lacerated feelings.

"Then I was astonished at the oppressive feeling of stagnation everywhere. The dread of some fearful intangible misfortune that might engulf the country was written in every business man's face. I learned that business has no politics; commerce no partizanship, for without regard to party, men said with troubled look, as they closed their shutters, or extinguished the fires in their 'urnaces:

"The Democrats are again in power. We must wait and see what they intend doing."

"The two years preceding the election had been a period of marvelous prosperity. The wise management of Resumption by the Republican party had laid a firm foundation upon which the active, energetic people had built a magnificent structure of material greatness. Everywhere the fruitful land smiled in the husbandman's face the glad smile that rippled with the sweet Summer winds over the billowy acres of golden headed wheat; everywhere the serried corn waved its silky banners, and rattled its stiff blades, whispering all the while assurances of a plenty beyond the fertility of the Land of Goshen. Everywhere the roar and the rush of the heavily laden train answered the cheerful hum of the busy factory. Every wind that blew wafted toward distant ports great white-winged fleets deeply laden with our wares and merchandize. In every mart where men chaffered, the coined gold chinked and clinked as it was paid out in a swiftly flowing stream for the choice products of our skilled handiwork and teeming acres. Everywhere our people's nostrils drank in the exhilarating atmosphere of active prosperity—everywhere the workingman's child laughed in glee at the plenty with which it was surrounded.

"Upon this joy and contentment the result of the election came like the first breath of a pestilence in a crowded City. The whirring wheels stood still everywhere; the locomotives rusted in their stalls; the sea-going ships chafed and fretted against the deserted docks; the workingman's child grew hungry eyed.

"The only gladness to be seen was in the faces of the expectant place-holders.

"My mention of this depressing outlook to a Democratic politician, was met by an assurance that it was all the work of Radical alarmists, and would disappear after Inauguration Day, and the party once fairly grasped the reins of power.

"So passed the ineffably dreary Winter of 1880-81, the stagnation becoming almost deadness as the fateful Fourth of March drew near.

"Toward the last of February I went on to Washington to be present at the inaugural ceremonies.

"I found the Capitol in the possession of the most ravenous swarm that earth has seen gathered together since the Vandals sacked Rome.

"The hotels throbbed and shook with the ponderous tread and explosive oaths of the congregated 'big men' of the party. The boarding houses swarmed like ant hills with the smaller fry of place-hunters. The saloons were bedlams; the sidewalks Democratic mass-meetings in perpetual session. Up and down the avenues, hither and yon on every thoroughfare the endless stream of wolfishly hungry men surged and swept, whirled and eddied. It was as if human beings had become seized with some such a mania for a concerted devastating foray as history tells us sometimes infects all the rats, or squirrels, or lemmings in a country, when they gather together by billions, and leave their line of march as blasted and bare as if seared by the lightning.

"There were pug nosed, heavy-jawed Tammanyites, clothed in colors like those of a Dutch wagon; with jewelry like the ornaments of a locomotive, and speaking a slang enriched by the thief jargon of all Europe. There were sallow, long haired Southerners, lean as the Seven Kine in Joseph's vision; with ominous protuberances in their butternut jeans garb over their right hips. They moved together with an elbow-touching precision that told eloquently of four years service in the field, and 15 more in Rifle Clubs and Ku Klux Klans. There were the Western Copperheads—the old Sons of Liberty and Illinois—short statured, vacant-faced, sneak eyed; their breath laden with poor whisky, made infinitely



worse by vaporization thru their mouths along with other unpleasant odors and vile language.

"These were they who formed the swarming multitude that ranged over the City and gloated upon all things they saw as newly recovered possessions which had long been unjustly withheld. I cannot describe to you the insolence with which they assumed possession. You can not possibly imagine it. Everything they saw, and the emoluments thereof they considered theirs.

"They swarmed thru the Departments, from the moment the doors were opened in the morning until they closed at night, regarding everything—the clean, comfortable rooms, the pleasant windows, the apparently well-salaried, easy-working clerkships as their birthright, from which they had been long and wrongfully debarred.

"I was in one of the Departments one day, when the advance of this Army of Observation arrived. It was headed by a group of Pammaoyites under the lead of one of their number—a bumper politician, who had been nourished upon spoils of one kind or another ever since he was able to hold a pen or draw a salary.

"How manny min hav you in here? Watdo theydo, and wat sorter pay do they git?" he asked of the Chief Clerk, in that tone of vulgar masterdom assumed by a traveling salesman of cheap clothing in addressing the colored waiters in the dining room.

"The courteous Chief Clerk arose with some difficulty—even 16 years of constant practice had not given him such use of his artificial leg as he had of the one he lost at Gettysburg—and said:

"As we are having many such inquiries, I have prepared this written list, which contains all the information you require."

"The leader took the list and began perusing it with labored slowness. Great drops of sweat stood out on his brow and his thick lips, working in silent sympathy, formed each letter as he painfully recalled its never-too-familiar form and semblance.

"Has as much trouble with that as if it were one of Sam. Tilden's cypher dispatches," said a roguish little messenger,

referring to what was then considered the great scandal of our history, but which has since been dwarfed into unmindful insignificance by the appalling enormities that succeeded it.

"From the way his lips move he don't seem to have ever had even a speaking acquaintance with his letters," said another messenger.

"The man's companions stood by, puffing cigars that, like *Hamlet's* uncle's offense, were rank and smelled to Heaven, stared around and gloated on all they saw with watering mouths.

"Mickey," said the leader, as he at last finished the perusal, 'that's de place fer ye. Twelve hunderd a year, an' naathink for till do, I'll be bound,' and he checked off one of the places with a trailing streak from the wet end of the cigar that he used to point it out.

"An' that's fer ye, Jamie Fitzgerald. An' that fer ye, Teddy Malone; an' that fer ye, Barney O'Shaughnessy."

"And so on, until each of his followers was provided for, and there was a check mark of dingy yellow tobacco stain against every place save that of the Chief Clerk.

"This I'll take meself. It luks as if the juties would just suit a gentleman of me abilities, an' tho' twinty-five hunderd a year is be no manner o' manes as good as I did under Tweed. It's a devilish sight better'n I've done lately, an' it'll be mighty quare if an indivijle o' me janius don't discover a few chice parkesites afore me first year's out."

"But ye've forgotten the leddies, Cap'n," said one of them, removing a dirty thumb from the arm hole of his vest long enough to point it in the direction of the lady clerks.

"Why, so I hev; so I hev. Gi'me the list agin."

"More perspiring mental labor was called for, and when the leader spoke at last it was to parcel out the places as before:

"Tim, yer sister kin hev this"

"Teddy, your's might take this."

"And so on, not forgetting in his generosity, to reserve the last and best morsel for one of his own female friends.

"We'd better go right down to headquarters," he said, as he concluded, "an' hev the thing fixed snug an' tight at

wanst," saying which their inch-thick soles clumpt away over the marble floors, and gave place to a similar platoon of butternut-clad Mississippians who, as they threw back the rims of their broad brimmed hats to gaze on the magnificent prospect deluged the white marble floor with torrents of tobacco spittle.

"The leader propounded the same query to the Chief Clerk as his predecessor had, and received a like response. Taking the list he gazed at it dubiously for a minute, and then said:

" 'I reckon as my eyes air not very good, and my spellin's a little spavined you'll have to read that fur me. Read it slow, and speak up purty peart, for one o' my ears is a little stiff o' hearin'.

"He parceled out all the places among his followers as his New York predecessor had among his, not forgetting to include the ladies, nor to give himself the best position, and then he and they stalkt noisily away to have their choices confirmed at headquarters.

"This is the way it went all day—from the moment the doors were opened in the morning to admit the ravenous tide until they were closed as flood-gates in the evening upon the eager current of starving place-seekers.

"My heart was wrung with the visible anguish of the poor clerks whose means of subsistence was being so coarsely and unfeelingly parceled out before their eyes by these office cormorants. The great mass of them were, if men, those who had given their youth and strength, frequently their health and limbs, to the country; if women, those who had given the lives of husbands, brothers or fathers, and they had supplemented these great gifts by long years of faithful and efficient civil service, by which they had fondly hoped to win reward in such permanency as would be a provision for the declining years, into which they were all rapidly advancing.

"The faint hope that the Democrats would respect their long and faithful service and retain them, with which they buoyed themselves up after the election, had given away to the grimmest despair at the irruption of these hordes, from whom they could expect as little mercy

as a green cornfield from a swarm of grasshoppers.

"With their years and the physical debility added by their service in the Army, displacement meant setting their feet upon that shard-strewn, flinty path, by which Penury conducts men to pauper's graves. They went about their accustomed tasks with broken hearts. Their nerveless hands almost refused to grasp their familiar pens.

"I went to the Capitol grounds, and as I entered the enclosure a crowd of half-intoxicated Arkansas men reeled in from another side, and came to a halt before the statue of Lincoln mounted on a pedestal.

" 'Who'n eternal blazes is this marble galoot?' said they, staring at the sheeny stone with dazed eyes.

" 'Why, — me fur a woolly-headed nigger, if that ain't old Lincoln himself,' said one.

" 'That's a fact! Well, his day an' that of his nigger lovin' crew's done at last, thank God! I've a mind ter improve his beauty by shootin' that right eye out. Here goes.'

"The ready revolver responded to his touch, and the ball tore away a great flake of marble.

" 'That's fun,' said another; 'See me knock his left eye.'

" 'Here's fur his twisted nose.'

" 'I'll fetch his right ear.'

" 'An' me his left.'

"A blue-coated officer of the Capitol Police came running up to put a stop to the desecration.

" 'I allers did love to shoot at that uniform,' said a sinister-eyed ruffian from Pine Bluffs, and his too-well aimed bullet dropt the poor officer dying on the sod.

"When the statue was mutilated out of all likeness to its former semblance, the enthusiastic crowd that had gathered around to enjoy the sport that had the sweetness of long-deferred revenge, completed the destruction by overthrowing it and breaking it into fragments with an iron bar.

This gave the signal for extending the work of destruction farther, and the tumultuous crowd ranged thru the Capitol, destroying every picture, bust and statue of a Republican they could find.



"'Gad, this is the best thing I've seen since I saw the Yankees run away from Bull Run like sheep,' said a tall Georgian by my side. 'I knew I'd see everything come out all right before I died. There are 1,500 Yankee officers planted on a piece o' my land near Macon—old Camp Sorghum, you know. I guess they've made it pretty rich. I'm goin' to write home to day to take down the headstones, and clean up the field for a tobacco crop. I shouldn't wonder if I should make a couple o' thousand dollars off that field this season.'

"'So this is Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness,' I said to myself, as I turned away with a leaden heart, and walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, found myself, before I well knew it, seated in the parlor of the National Hotel. The folding doors that divided the parlor into two rooms were closed, and thru them came the sound of voices of men in heated discussion in the next room. Suddenly the doors were burst open as by some one leaning too heavily against them, and the whole interior of the room was exposed to my view,

"The sight I saw there was so deeply etched into my memory that half a century has not dimmed the sharpness of its lines.

"Seated on a chair in the center was Gen. Hancock, his fat and usual smugly smiling countenance convulsed with disgust and rage. Around him were gathered, some standing—some sitting—Fernando Wood, of New York, Fort Pillow Chalmers, and Lamar, of Mississippi, the two Blackburns, of Kentucky, Ben. Hill, of Georgia, Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and others whose names I do not now recall, while in front stood Voorhees of Indiana, with every vein in his face throbbing almost to bursting with passion. Tho I did not know his name then, the snaky suggestiveness of his tall, writhing form, the flattened head, the baleful, greenish gray light of his eyes, the set teeth and half-opened lips thru which he hissed his words, prepared me for the information afterwards given that he was the greatest then living of those vile Copperheads, who during the War crawled in the rear of our line of battle, and stung our soldiers' heels.

"'But he is one of my staunchest supporters in the State, and does more work for me than any dozen others,' he was saying, or rather hissing.

"'I cannot help that,' Hancock replied; 'with every disposition in the world to oblige you, it is simply preposterous to ask that I must begin my official career by the appointment of such a man to the command of the new brigade we propose to add to the Army. Why, I have here letters from friends of mine—old soldiers in the Army—who say that he was a commander in the Knights of the Golden Circle, and as such had charge of that division of the Sons of Liberty that was assigned to the duty of capturing the City of Indianapolis and the State offices, when it was proposed to carry Indiana over to the Southern Confederacy in the Winter of 1864. And see here,' and his indignation flamed to white heat; 'just see here! Here's a letter from an old friend and one of the noblest fellows that ever drew sword; who says that this same rascal cost him his good right arm, by urging some low hounds to shoot him, because, when home from the field in consequence of a wound received at Mission Ridge, he gave some assistance in enforcing the draft act.'

"'Pity 'twasn't his infernal head, instead of his arm,' said the sardonic Chalmers, and the rest smiled ironically at the ridiculousness of the General's reasons.

"'These things you absurdly term offenses are his highest virtues, for which he must be honored and rewarded,' said Voorhees—more snakelike than ever in act and feature.

"'The General forgets that having become one of Us, he should view things from Our standpoint,' said Fernando Wood, pulling his long white mustache, while a mocking smile distorted his coarse, almost brutal mouth. 'To continue to look at things from the angle of view he accustomed himself to during the War, and to use such language he has just employed is very improper; it interferes deviously with the great work of Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness.'

"'But consider what effect this would have in the Army,' said Hancock. 'This appointment of a civilian, who



has just employed is very improper; it interferes deviously with the great work of Wiping Out Sectional Bitterness'

"But consider what effect this would have in the Army," said Hancock. "This appointment of a civilian, who has seen no service, to such a high command would be a positive injustice to all lower officers, who have earned promotion, and we could expect them to resign in a body."

"Let 'em resign," sneered little Vest of Missouri. "Let 'em resign if they're such precious fools to give up their fat places. Let 'em resign if they want to; for they're a set of Black Republicans that've fed long enuf at Government expense. We'll be mighty glad to get rid of 'em that way, for they're likely to be in our road in the future, and we want their places for men that we can trust."

"But I'll not do this," said Hancock, doggedly. "I've yielded to everything so far that you've demanded of me. I've given up the filling of all the offices to you, that you may reward your hungry myrmidons to satiety—if there's enuf in God's great world to satisfy a hungry Democratic office seeker; I have agreed to sign all your bills to appropriate what money there is now in the Treasury to make internal improvements in the South, and for levying increased taxes to pay off your claims for damages during the War. But there is a point beyond which I will not go. I will not destroy the Army to please you, and I will not load myself down with so much odium that the people will hate me."

"That's it; there's the secret," sneered the heavy faced Lamar. "Afraid of hurting his popularity. Like all the rest of them. Begins scheming for a second term before his first's begun. This makes it necessary to tell you a very simple truth which a man who knows more of the country's history than he learns in the gossip of the barracks, would not need to be told. This truth is that since the Democratic party made a fool of itself in running VanBuren the second time, it quit that sort of nonsense. Four years in the White House, doing what is required of him by the party so wears a man out with the people, that 't is simply absurd to try to catch any votes with him again."

"The bait gets too rank and rusty, never can fool the people twice with it," said Wood sententially.

"Once more; do you refuse to make the promise I ask of you?" said Voorhees, whose rage was fanned still higher by the debate.

"I do," said Hancock, firmly.

"Voorhees's long body shrank together, like a snake coiling itself for a spring, but Hampton waved his hand as a signal that he wanted to be heard, and rising he supported himself on his crutch and said:

"Gentlemen: Gen. Hancock is laboring under a delusion that I think I can dispel, when all will be right. He imagines that he has nominated and elected himself, and can inaugurate himself. This is quite a mistake. He is nothing and can be nothing but what we made him. A moment's reflection will show him this, and that as he owes everything to us, he has nothing to do but carry out our wishes. If he cannot understand this, we have the remedy in our own hands. We can—"

"Here some one called attention to the hitherto unnoticed fact that the doors had been forced open and that an outsider was an interested listener. The doors were closed, and Hampton continued his remarks in so low a tone as to be wholly inaudible, except when he raised his voice in the excitement of the peroration, and then I overheard something about "Beware the fate of Harrison and Taylor, who dared stand in our way."

"An hour later the meeting broke up and as Wood and Blackburn passed by me the latter said:

"Kickt worse than a steer, before he gave in, didn't he?"

"O, yes," said Wood with a chuckle; "they always do. Lord, what a time we had with Pierce and Buchanan, before they'd put their necks into the yoke. They were as fractious as a thorobred two-year old, but we fetcht 'em finally, and you never saw more obedient fellows in your life, before their first years were up. 'Twill be just so with this chap. He's got more beef and bull-headedness about him, but not so much real will as they had."

## CHAPTER IV.

"ILL FARES THE LAND, TO HASTENING ILLS  
A PREY."

"Once, while traveling on the Mississippi, I saw a most delight'ul little bit of landscape,—a plantation with well tilled fields, elegant mansion surrounded by choicest flowers, that bloomed with the opulent splendor begotten by rich soil and semi-tropical skies. Substantial buildings protected the plantation's crops and machinery, neat cottages sheltered the people employed; elegant and refined men and women sat on the piazzas. bright children romped in the pleasant shade of grand old trees. A mile away the mighty river, swelled to a torrent by great rains over the half continent which it drained, swept angrily around the long, semi circular embankment, that followed the bend, and held it back from overflowing the plantation. The people on the piazzas lookt away over swelling, surging water and smiled coquettly. The levee, raised with infinite toil and sacrifice, had protected their possessions for 25 years—this generation could not remember when it did not—and with this feeling of security they had gone on developing their home and plantation to what it now was. But a bright-eyed, silken furred muskrat, equally eager to establish himself and his in permanent comfort, had burrowed in the bank a home that according to muskrat ideas of architecture was preferable to the mansion on the lawn. It had an elegant gallery leading down in the water in front, and another covered way down the back to the artichokes and sweet potatoes in the field. But the next day, while the people on the piazzas still lookt at the yellow, turbulent flood and smiled, the muskrat and family were seeking a place of safety. The water had risen to the nest. It was now pouring in a thin stream thru his covered way down to the field. An hour later the hungry river was devouring the bank like some great insatiable monster, and over the plantation, and all the life and beauty and happiness upon it, rolled the yellow, merciless tide.

"As hat muskrat's ambition to provide for himself an elevated and comfortable nest was to that levee and planta-

tion, so had Hancock's similar ambition been to the country.

"It was a perfect Mississippi of Democracy that he let in to flood the country—a Mississippi at freshest level, muddy, slimy and foul, polluted with the gatherings of a long and vicious course, the drainage of sewers, the skimmings of cesspools, the dumpings of garbage, carrying in solution all the excreta of society, and floating the noisome, rotting carrion of all the frauds and falsehoods, and crimes of our century of history—an overflow that poisoned all the pure wells and springs of private and public life.

"Men escaped as far as possible from the noxious flood and waited for it to subside. Alas, no olive-leaf-bearing dove ever came to announce that glad tidings.

"Deeper and deeper were all traces of the happy past buried under the slime and sediment.

"Within a month after Hancock took his seat he had forced upon him a complete recognition of the fact that he was but the hand and mouth-piece of the cabal of arrogant oligarchs who had bot him with a price. He was to say what they ordered him to say—and nothing else; he was to do what they demanded of him—and nothing else. He accepted the situation. Never a man of much individuality, or mental initiative; more than anything else a lover of personal comfort, and the pleasures of the dinner-table, the club and the drawing room; ignorant beyond expression of the duties of the Presidential office. he was wholly unable to grapple with the determined and able conspirers, of whom he was the figure-head. He knew enuf to recognize this and bow to it. Occasionally, when some of his army prejudices were trampled upon he would break out into a petulant rebellion, but his masters managed him as conspirators always manage their dupes. A suggestion of exposure and punishment of crimes they had already compelled him to commit, never failed to reduce him to submission, and acquiescence in new and graver offenses.

"The Southern Oligarchy that it had been in power before the War was again supreme, with tenfold more lust of abso-



late power, and a hundredfold increase of knowledge of the ways to attain that end. The histories of Athens, Rome and Venice had shown them how an oligarchy can be the most extortionate and cruel of despotisms; their own processes in Mississippi, South Carolina and other Southern States had given them practice in the methods they now meant to apply to the whole Nation. They knew well what they could reckon upon. Their own section was—in the slang of the day—'solid' for their schemes, and they could rely, as they ever could, upon the Northern Copperheads—even as the old Oligarchs of Rome and Venice used the basest of the plebeians for the subjection of their fellows.

"The first act of the Oligarchy was to empty the hoarded millions in the Treasury—millions placed there by Republican honesty and financial sagacity—into their own pockets, thru the flimsy pretext of making internal improvements in the South, and the payment of Southern War Claims called for the issue of several hundred billions of bonds. One dollar in a hundred of this thrown to their Northern allies, like a bone to a dog, kept them quiet and contented.

"This gave them all the money they required for their designs, and if more were needed it could be readily obtained by the issue of more bonds, as the credit of the United States was still at the high mark where 20 years of Republicanism had placed it. From that time forward they moved rapidly forward to the fulfilment of all their designs.

"The adoption of the system of peonage by the various States gave them complete control of the negroes' labor, as Slavery ever did, without the embarrassments of Slavery in being compelled to care for worn-out laborers.

"The attempts of the negroes to escape from this servitude gave occasion for arming and organizing as soldiery every poor white in the South, to act as guards and patrols, and be prepared for future contingencies. Skeleton regiments were formed in this way that would fill up to two million men. No young white men in the South who could read and write, was without a commission and a salary from the Government.

"Wars were provoked with Spain,

Mexico and Venezuela on pretexts more or less frivolous—that with Venezuela being, I believe, because the Hon. Powhattan Bardwell Slote, of Virginia, our Minister to that Court—had been summarily and somewhat painfully kicked out of a room by a party of poker-players because of the discovery in the Honorable Gentleman's sleeve of three aces, which he had not hidden with his usual ability. Because the Southern soldiers were needed at home to guard against servile insurrection, the task of upholding the National honor was cunningly made the duty of the Regular Army, and volunteers from the Northern States. One half of the officers who had gained distinction on the Union side during the Rebellion died of the *vomito* at the siege of Caraccas, and the remainder were fearfully decimated in Cuba and Mexico by fevers that were much deadlier than the cannon at Havana or the musketry at Vera Cruz.

"Meanwhile the Oligarchs were persistently pushing forward their schemes for making the North as 'solid' for them as the South. Fraud and force were employed skilfully and constantly. Tissue balloons judiciously employed in Boston, New York, Newark, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Indianapolis, gave Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, New York and Massachusetts into their hands, apparently beyond redemption.

"Growing bolder and more insolent with success, they revived the outrages of the old Anti Slavery days against those who dared to speak or write against them. Many editors were shot at their desks, like Owen Lovejoy; many ministers were assailed by ruffians, while still wearing their sacred vestments. Hundreds of public speakers were driven from the platform, tarred and feathered, ridden on rails, subjected to every manner of contumely, and many were killed. Every day they riveted the manacles tighter around the limbs of Liberty. Every day their clutch upon the throat of Free Speech became more throttling.

"The railroads, with their hundreds of thousands of employes, the great corporations of all kinds—cowardly sycophantic as these always are to Power, hastened to place themselves at the feet of the Oligarchy, and assist it in its horrid work.



"In the meantime the Civil Service of the country had become an organized extortion. The tactics of Tweed had been enlarged to fit the whole Nation, and a million of voracious office-holders, each more greedily and unsatisfiable than the other, fattened and batted on the people's substance.

"At last endurance ceased to be a virtue, and the people of the North rose in a tempest of wrath, to extirpate the men whose gyves galled every limb."

"Aha, my friends, we have you now.' I heard Wade Hampton say with that Mephistophelian glee characteristic of him when his plots mature. 'You are *Rebels* now. We thot we'd goad you into it at last. You sowed in the wind in 1861-3; you'll reap in the whirlwind in 1885.'

"The oligarchy had anticipated this, and made the fullest preparations for it. Instantly the skeleton regiments of the South were filled up to their maximum, and were on the march. While the people of the North, who had seized a couple of arsenals and killed a few of the most obnoxious of their oppressors, were holding war meetings to gather funds, and determine on a plan of operations, the Virginian troops had hurried across into Pennsylvania and occupied the whole of the narrow strip of country between Pittsburg and Lake Erie, thus cutting off completely all communication between the East and the West. They were immediately re-inforced by regiments which had been secretly organized among the disaffected miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and without much trouble they made their position across the highway of the Nation impregnable. At the same time fleets of improvised gun boats which had been assembled at Memphis, Louisville, and St. Louis, pushed out up the Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and brot Cincinnati, Pittsburg and St. Louis under their guns, and cut off communications between the east and west sides of the Mississippi and Missouri. A similar fleet appeared on the Lakes, and distributed itself so as to threaten Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee with heavy guns. The Sons of Liberty in Indiana—fully armed and equipped—sprang to arms at the first

signal from Washington, took possession of all the railroads, and strategic points in the State, harried the people of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois with raids, and prevented all co-operation between them. In like manner the Missouri guerillas appeared in great force along the borders of Kansas and Iowa, and menaced the defenseless Towns with destruction. The hoodlums of New York City—one hundred thousand strong—who had been organized beforehand, fell upon their old enemies in the country side, like the robber Huas upon the peaceful inhabitants of Panonia, and smote and spoiled them as far up the Hudson as West Point, where they were cheeked and turned back with great slaughter by a concentration of the enraged inhabitants.

"New England was the only section that had foreseen the struggle and made ready for it. As the people of these six States had not approved of the Venezuelan, Cuban and Mexican wars, into fighting which the people of the rest of the North had been artfully duped, they still retained their officers and soldiers who had graduated in war during the Rebellion, and who now leavened and seasoned the militia Regiments which had been organized and armed in anticipation of the crisis.

"At the outbreak of the trouble Maine sent 15 regiments, Vermont 4, New Hampshire 6, and Rhode Island 2, to join Massachusetts's 30 on the Connecticut River front.

"But they were outflanked by the greatly superior forces of the South, aided by those from New York City, brot to a stand on the plains about Willimantic and there beaten so overwhelmingly, that the Southern troops marched directly into Boston, blew up Bunker Hill monument, burned Faneuil Hall, converted the Old South Church into a Hospital, the State House into a Military Prison, levied an indemnity fine of a hundred million dollars on State street, and appointed Robert Toombs, Military Governor of the City, whose first act was to order in force an exact duplicate of Ben. Butler's orders at New Orleans, and his next to hang Wendell Phillips for 'making a seditious speech.'

"Numerous severe engagements were

fought between the forces of Oligarchy, and the hastily gathered levies of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas, but tho the latter showed much spirit and determination, their defeat was inevitable from the first, as without training and experienced leaders they could not cope successfully with an enemy superior in numbers who had both, who began the conflict with such possession of all the strategic points, as rendered co-operation between any two States impossible. Besides this the Southerners had an immense advantage in the active assistance of the old Copper-lead element which everywhere—except in Iowa and Kansas, was a formidable minority of the population, and no Northern man went to battle without fearing quite as much fear for his home and his kinsfolk from the enemy he left in the rear as he did for himself from the enemy in his front.

"Within a year after the inception of hostilities there was a Southern garrison in every Northern Town, and Southern tax gatherers were knocking at every man's door, while these defeated people, their business ruined, their energy gone, lay helpless and sullen beneath the feet of their arrogant conquerors.

"For ten years that weighed like the night-mare this continued. Each year was worse than its predecessors; each made the yoke under which they groaned heavier and more galling, but even this was not sufficient to wholly destroy the spirit of the people, who began to exercise their ingenuity in making the best of the situation. They learned the lesson of adaptation to circumstances by which the people of the East manage to live, and thrive under the organized pillage of the Turkish Government, but just so soon as a faint gleam of hope came from this direction, it was stifled by a new form of danger. The conspirators began—as conspirators of this kind always have done since the world began—a bitter quarrel among themselves over the division of the spoils, and soon they were turning their arms against each other, as savagely as centuries before the successors of Alexander, or the Consuls and Pro-consuls and Generals of the decaying Roman Empire did.

"California was the first to break away,

and after slaughtering the army sent to reduce to obedience, in the Coo che to pa Pass, was allowed to withdraw and establish an independent republic, with the rest of the States of the Pacific Slope. Then Texas hoisted her Lone Star Flag again, and dragged under its folds Arizona and New Mexico. Fernando Wood and John Kelley revived the project broached by the former in 1861 and made New York a free City, with the Harp of Erin and the Sunburst, as its flag. New Orleans followed this example, and declared itself to be the Venice of America. The Germans of St. Louis, wearied out with the rapacity of the "Pukes" forming the controlling element of the population of the interior of Missouri, proclaimed their City free and independent—a new Frankfort-on-the-Main.

"Vorhees resurrected his old idea of a Northwestern Confederacy, to include the States between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Lakes, with Indiana at the head. There was no difficulty in detaching these from the rest of the crumbling Nation, but the politicians took advantage of the Secession to carry it still farther and make separate and individual sovereignties of each State, and this was followed everywhere else, except in New England, which took advantage of the troubles to drive out their oppressors and form a Confederacy of itself, which, with the California Confederacy, is now the only prosperous remnant of the grand old Nation. Nor did the process stop with the separation into States, for the old time feuds between different portions of the same States broke out with intensified vigor. The Eastern Shore sloughed off from the rest of Maryland; "Tidewater Virginia" and "Middle Virginia," separated with a sharp struggle. The old fight between the Low Country and Up Country, North Carolinians could only be satisfied by a separation. South Carolina split into three parts; Georgia into two, Tennessee into East, Middle and West Tennessee; Texas into five States, and so on, until now, as you know, we have so many different States and Territories and Confederations that even the geographers can not keep track of them, and their



boundaries, sizes and shapes are as shifting as the clouds of the sky. No man knows one month where the boundaries of his State will be the next. Every ambitious demagog, every brawling cross-roads politician, every strong armed adventurer carves out for himself an independent dominion of as large proportion as he can grasp. Our politics now is a struggle between these conducted on the old principle of

"Let him get who has the power,  
And let him keep who can."

"Where of old war was a thing of infrequent occurrence, and conducted in remote regions, it is now an annual thing, and we fight our neighbors almost on our own-door steps. In these intestine jars, these struggles of Counties and Cities with each other, trade, com-

merce, manufactures, learning, art—everything that make a people great, have disappeared; our young men are cut off before their beards are grown, and we are daily sinking in the scale of civilization toward the level of the nomad who dwells in his camel's hair tent.

"Heaven has punished me terribly for the indiscretion of my youth by prolonging my life, that I might experience every evil that my folly assisted so much to bring upon my beloved country. I feel that it can have no object in further prolonging my suffering, and that it must in mercy soon take me hence.

"When I am gone I want you to have inscribed upon my tombstone as my sole epitaph, that like *O'hell* I was

"One whose hand  
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe"

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